

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. Marine Hospital Service. Office hours: 10 to 12 a.m. 1 to 4:30 p.m. 477 Commercial Street, 2nd Floor.

Dr. RHODA C. HICKS OSTEOPATHIST Mansell Bldg. 573 Commercial St. PHONE BLACK 2065.

C. W. BARR, D. D. S. Has Opened Dental Parlors in Rooms 817-818, The Dekum. PORTLAND, OREGON. Where he will be pleased to meet Friends and Patrons.

Dr. VAUGHAN, DENTIST Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

Dr. W. C. LOGAN DENTIST 578 Commercial St., Shanahan Building

MISCELLANEOUS.

JAPANESE GOODS New stock of fancy goods just arrived at Yokohama Bazaar. Call and see the latest novelties from Japan.

C. J. TRENCHARD Real Estate, Insurance, Commission and Shipping. CUSTOM HOUSE BROKER. Office 133 Ninth Street, Next to Justice Office. ASTORIA, OREGON.

BEST 15 CENT MEAL. You can always find the best 15-cent meal in the city at the Rising Sun Restaurant. 612 Commercial St.

FIRST-CLASS MEAL for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restaurant. 434 Bond St.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD! Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly, the transfer man. Phone 2211 Black, Barn on Twelfth, opposite opera house.

BAY VIEW HOTEL E. GLASER, Prop. Home Cooking, Comfortable Beds, Reasonable Rates and Nice Treatment.

ASTORIA HOTEL Corner Seventeenth and Duane Sts. 75 cents a day and up. Meals 20 cents. Board and lodging \$4 per week.

The Astoria Restaurant MAN HING, Proprietor. Fine meals served at all hours. Oysters served in any style. Game in season. 399 Bond Street, Cor. 9th. Astoria, Ore.

Dr. C. Gee Wo WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operations that are given up to die. He cures with these wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, barks, herbs and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 100 different remedies, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure cholera, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidney, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charge moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS: The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co. 253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon. 257 Mission Street.

Dead Hair Grow beautiful hair. New method, scientific and natural cure for scalp and hair troubles. Six weeks' Bothen Hair Culture Course by mail with remedies. Results guaranteed. Send 10 cents postage for trial treatment. Bothen Co., 25 Alder Bldg., Cleveland, O.

When the Prince Wooded Peggy

Copyright, 1904, by Richard B. Shelton

Peggy met him first at one of the Wednesday night hops at the Waconessett inn. He was somewhat more than passably good looking, fair haired, of a military build and German. His name was understood to be Munsterberg. He danced a number of times with Peggy, and finally they began to sit out dances in a quiet corner of the veranda, where, with their chairs close together, he talked to her in English with the faintest of German accents, and she replied in American made German that set them both laughing.

The advent of the German was timely for Peggy. She had just fallen out with Donald Macomber, had sent him back the ring, and, being in the after-throes of a broken engagement, she was sadly in need of diversion. The German seemed to give good promise of this. He was well bred, possessed of that urbane finish that much travel can give, and, moreover, after that first dance with Peggy it was plain to be seen he was very much in love with her.

Peggy, ostensibly to relieve the vacant feeling in her heart, began a des-



AS HE GAVE NO HEED SHE TREMBLINGLY STOOD UP.

perate flirtation. In a week's time Munsterberg was her slave. Where Peggy went, there went he. He drove with her; he sailed with her on the lake; he climbed the mountain with her. As Peggy's satellite he seemed to have found his true vocation.

No one blamed Munsterberg for falling in love with her. Indeed, at one time or another almost every unmarried man at the lake had offered his heart and his worldly goods to Peggy. She was adorable from the toe of her trim little shoe to her quaint little turn up nose that always gave one an idea of Peggy's superiority.

It is doubtful if Peggy entertained a really serious thought of the German until the day Jack Motley discovered by means of a crest on a silver brandy flask—that worthy's true identity. Be it said of Jack Motley that he fairly flew to Peggy with the news. He found her in the boathouse combing briars from the poodle's mane.

"Peggy," he exclaimed breathlessly, "who on earth do you suppose you have worshipping at your shrine?"

She smiled wearily. "Oh, you again, I suppose," she said. "His royal highness Ludwig Wilhelm, prince of Coburg-Gotha," said Motley, with the air of profaning so sacred a title by letting it slip from his plebeian tongue.

Peggy stared. "Munsterberg—he's the prince—doing America incog." Motley went on. Peggy turned pale. She rose and tripped over the poodle. Motley rattled out the whole story and capped it triumphantly with a confession to the title on the part of his royal highness. By the time he had finished she was the old self possessed Peggy.

"Do you think you've told me any news?" she asked easily. And then, lest she should betray herself, she gathered up the poodle and fed to the house.

Peggy may be forgiven if she dreamed of many things after that—of an old gray castle in the hills of Coburg, of three letters and a royal title preceding her own name, of stationery bearing the crest of the triple headed eagle. In fact, she did dream much of these advantages at first, and the interesting German of that first Wednesday night hop was suddenly vested in her mind with much romance and much eligibility.

Then—oh, heart of woman!—after the first romance of the thing had worn off and his royal highness had begun to repeat his rather slender store of bright remarks she found herself dreaming of Donald Macomber and wondering why he had not come back to her as all the others had. She remembered that Macomber had always been masterful and high handed even as a suitor and that it was because he had been unwilling to yield some trivial point that she had broken with him. She began to think seriously and

to compare his royal highness with Donald. And when the comparison, point by point, was ended Peggy was a very unhappy girl, to whom the castle in Coburg was a nightmare.

And because of all these things the throne of Coburg-Gotha barely escaped losing its heir.

It happened one August evening. His royal highness was paddling Peggy slowly about the lake, singing as he paddled little sentimental German songs and looking very contented.

Peggy gave the song no heed. She was watching a solitary figure in an approaching canoe. The figure bent to the paddle in an easy, familiar manner. There could be no mistaking those broad shoulders and that curly brown hair. The two canoes drew nearer. The man in the other canoe looked up. Peggy smiled and bowed. The man nodded coldly and began to paddle faster.

Something seemed to clutch her throat. The prince was quite forgotten. She realized only that Donald Macomber was paddling out of her sight and out of her life.

"Donald!" she cried.

He paddled on, with never a glance in her direction.

"Donald!" she cried again, and as he still gave no heed she tremblingly stood up.

His royal highness gasped.

"Sit down—sit down!" he urged.

Peggy deliberately put one little foot on the spreader, and in a moment they were in the water.

When she came to the surface she was seized by a strong arm, and a big, tender voice said evenly:

"Don't struggle, dearest. You are safe with me."

And Peggy closed her eyes and was very happy.

Not so his royal highness of Coburg-Gotha. He was floundering about miserably and shouting spasmodically between choking gurgles:

"Help—in God's name, help! I do not swim!"

The rescuers fished them out. Prince Ludwig Wilhelm of Coburg-Gotha first, for he was far spent. And while at the inn they were rolling him in hot blankets and pouring brandy down his throat Peggy was laughing and crying hysterically on the shoulder of the other prince—although he was not known to the world at large by his title, it is true—and making a most absurd confession. When she had finished Donald's face was very grave.

"But if he had drowned, what then, Peggy?" he questioned.

"Coburg-Gotha could have got along without a prince better than I could without you," she said.

Wise Provision.

It concerns a woman who entered a London shop and, displaying a prosperous looking pocketbook, said, "I want a good planny for me daughter."

"What style of instrument do you prefer?" asked the salesman, leading the way to an upright.

"Niver a happorth do I care about style so long as it's a strong case. Have yez anny wid iron cases?"

"No, ma'am, but all our cases are made extra strong."

"How much is this planny on the credit system?"

"The price of this piano is £40," answered the clerk. "The installment would be a pound a month."

"Insure the planny and I'll take it."

"Well, really, ma'am, the purchaser usually insures the instrument; but, to close the bargain, we'll insure this piano and agree to take all risks."

"Ye see, betwame me and you," the purchaser explained as she deposited the receipt for the first installment in her pocket, "I'm glad to be aisy about the insurance, because I want to get the better of me ould man. He said that if I brought a planny into the house he'd smash it wid an ax, and, faith, he's the b'y to do it!"—Smith's Weekly.

He Saw.

The young and winsome maiden spoke to her father on behalf of George, the youth who had won her heart, but who was not her father's favorite.

"Father," she said gently, "I want to tell you something, and you mustn't be angry."

"Very well," he said. "I promise."

"I want to tell you, father, that George and I wish to get married."

The father forgot his promise in a second and began to storm.

"Haven't I told you I wouldn't have him about the house? Haven't I forbidden you to see him?" he cried excitedly.

"Now, once for all, I tell you if he comes here again I'll kick him out."

"Now, father," she said quietly, "you'll do nothing of the sort. George is young and healthy and the champion all round athlete of his club, and we had a conference this morning, and I told him I'd love him just the same even if he had to pound you clean out of shape in defending his rights in this case, so you might as well submit now and save us the necessity of resorting to harsh measures. See?"

He saw.

Welcomed the Kicks.

There was an old southern negro who had been working for a cotton planter time out of mind. One morning he came to his employer and said:

"I's gwine quit, boss."

"What's the matter, Mose?"

"Well, sah, yer manager, Mistah Winter, ain't kicked me in de las' free mums'."

"I ordered him not to kick you any more. I don't want anything like that around my place. I don't want any one to hurt your feelings, Mose."

"Ef I don't git any more kicks I's

gwine to quit. Ebery time Mistah Winter used ter kick and cuff me when he wuz mad he always git 'chamed of his se' and gimme a qu'rah. I's done los' enuff money a'ready wid dis heah fool-b'ness 'bout hurtin' ma feelin'."—Saturday Evening Post.

CORPSE RINGS.

What They Are and Why They Are Worn by Sailors.

"Corpse rings, eh?" said the visitor. "It's a curious, a gruesome, name. What are corpse rings?"

"Corpse rings," the collector answered, "are rings found on the bodies of drowned sailors—identification rings."

"Look at this thick gold one. Running around it on the outside, you see, there is carved in big, plain letters 'William Ratline, born in Camden, Me., 1865, Home, Malabar.' Ratline was lost off the Needles in the big storm of 1897. Malabar was communicated with, but it appeared that he had no relatives there."

"Nearly every sailor when the blues overtake him imagines he will die of drowning. He hates to think of his body washing up on a strange shore, of his nameless grave and of the anxiety of his friends when he doesn't return and no news comes of him, and therefore he buys himself an identification or corpse ring."

"Some of these rings are costly, beautiful, strange. Here is an antique Egyptian one, a ring of green bronze from a rifled tomb. Here is a wooden one, carved with little demons, for the thumb. It came, I think, from Senegambia. This ring of ivory is Japanese. It is of beautiful workmanship. The monkeys, holding each other's tails, that go around it in a circle, are quite perfect."—Baltimore Herald.

Central African Elephants.

"Elephants in the swamp country of central Africa," writes a traveler, "are different in their habits from those which inhabit the forests. In the marshes they stand throughout the day immersed in water up to their bellies and with their backs almost hidden by the high growth of reeds. Here they can always be traced by the white egrets which invariably accompany them and which feed upon the ticks and other insects with which their hides are infested. A herd of elephants moving through dense grass can be kept in sight even though they themselves are invisible by the fluttering up and down of these white birds."

Antiseptic Baptism.

"The Joneses took every precaution at the christening of their first baby."

"Every precaution?"

"Yes; they boiled the water."—Cleveland Leader.

Patience is not nerveless and weak but vigorous and powerful.

The Scriptural synonym is steadfast endurance.

—Boston Watchman.

ASTORIA SAVINGS BANK

Capital Paid in \$100,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits \$25,000. Transacts a general banking business. Interest paid on time deposits. J. Q. A. BOWLBY, O. I. PETERSON, FRANK PATTON, J. W. GA NBR, President. Vice President. Cashier. Asst. Cashier

168 TENTH STREET, ASTORIA, ORE.

433 Commercial Street Phone Main 121

Sherman Transfer Co.

HENRY SHERMAN, Manager. Hacks, Carriages—Baggage Checked and Transferred—Trucks and Furniture Wagons—Pianos Moved, Boxed and Shipped.

HOTEL PORTLAND

The Finest Hotel in the Northwest

PORTLAND, OREGON.

NEW ZEALAND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Of New Zealand W. P. THOMAS, Mgr., San Francisco.

UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF SHREOLDERS

Has been Underwriting on the Pacific Coast for twenty-five years.

ELMORE & CO., Sole Agents

Astoria, Oregon.

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

G. W. Morton and John Fahrman, Proprietors. CHOICEST FRESH AND SALT MEATS. — PROMPT DELIVERY 542 Commercial St. Phone Main 321.

THE J. S. DELLINGER COMPANY ASTORIA, OREGON

BLANK BOOK MAKERS LITHOGRAPHERS PRINTERS LINOTYPERS

Most Complete Printing Plant in Oregon

No Contract too Large. No Job too Small Book and Magazine Binding a Specialty